

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BY

MASTER JOHN BROWNE, ¹⁶

OF CREWKERNE, SOMERSET;

A BOY OF TWELVE YEARS OLD.

PLACET ANTE ANNOS VATES PUER.

VIDÆ POETIC. LIB. I. V. 334.

Ταχα καὶ σμικρον δέχοντο
Αναθημα τῷ Μουσῶν.

GRÆC. MONOSTROPH.

PUBLISHED BY

THE REV. ROBERT ASHE,

CURATE OF CREWKERNE, AND MASTER OF THE
FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF HIS PUPIL.

L O N D O N,

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POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

POETRY

OF THE

POETRY



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THE Editor of the following POEMS is more than happy at the success which has smiled upon his endeavours to promote the cause of his little Pupil. He embraces with eagerness an opportunity of paying this public tribute of his thanks to those Persons who have honoured him with the use of their names. They will accept likewise a Poetical acknowledgement of their Charity from the hands of
MASTER BROWNE.

An humble ADDRESS to those Noble and Generous
FRIENDS who have subscribed to my POETIC TRIFLES.

HOW shall my infant Muse her tribute pay?

Yet gratitude demands my humble lay.

Come then, ye Nine, your suppliant's voice inspire,

And warm my soul with your celestial fire;

To those great men my thankful offering shew,

Who thus on me their charity bestow:

Such comforts sweet their generous favours give,

As opening flow'rs from fostering dew receive.

O'er *Rhedecyna's** walks methinks I rove,

I hear soft murmurs whisper through the grove—

There first her *Addison* near *Cherwell* sung,

There *Isis'* banks with notes *Wartonian* rung—

* Oxford.

ISAIAH

ISAIAH there infus'd that hallow'd flame
 Which fill'd with rapture LOWTH's immortal frame.
 I seem already Learning's fruits to share,
 And taste those sweets which gracious hands prepare.
 In closer ties such gifts my heart shall bind,
 And rouse to double diligence my mind.
 And thus—ecstatic thought!—perchance I may
 To my lov'd sire some fond protection pay;
 Stretch forth to him some well-tim'd kind relief,
 To ease his burden, or to sooth his grief.—
 O! may I e'er my mother's age befriend,
 Then would in peace life's tedious journey end.

JOHN BROWNE.

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[illegible]

THE Life of an Author, who is but just entered into the world, cannot be supposed to contain a single anecdote sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of the reader. But yet some account of him may be required by those persons that have so generously espoused his cause.

JOHN BROWNE, Son of William and Sarah Browne, was born at Whitchurch, in Hampshire, on the 8th day of March, 1773; and was privately baptized on the 2d of April, by The Rev. Mr. Blair, Curate of the Parish. His Father is a man of very considerable abilities; but he is

indebted for them to Nature alone. His mind may be compared to the rough *trait* of a fine picture, which invites the hand of an Artist to finish it. Happy might it have been for the world, if some kind Mæcenas had enabled him to allay his thirst at the fountain of Knowledge.—But, alas!

Chill Penury repress'd his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul.

By his indefatigable industry, and the economical prudence of his wife, Mr. B—— has hitherto procured the necessaries of life for a numerous* family. But from what fountain will such persons draw the waters of comfort “when (to borrow the language of the tender Shakspeare) “service shall in their old limbs lie lame?” If the Public should refuse to raise merit from obscurity, the miseries, the certain miseries of old age must steal upon *them*, as shadows

* He has only the salary of an Exciseman to support *eight* children, of whom our Author is the eldest. He indeed gleans a scanty harvest, by employing the few hours that he can steal from his office, in teaching day-scholars to read and write.—O! mercenaria vinc'la!

lengthen

lengthen when the sun is setting; and one of the brightest luminaries, which has hitherto appeared in our Hemisphere, must be eclipsed for ever.

SUCH painful reflections as these induced the Editor to appeal to the feelings of the world: and he hopes, that, when the *age* of the Author, the merit of the several pieces (which should be estimated according to that age, and the purpose for which they are published) come to be more generally known, the number of Patrons to a deserving Boy will be considerably augmented. The *literati must* naturally *adopt* an Infant Poet, who will certainly repay

ΤΟΚΕΥΣΙ

Θρεπῆα φίλοις·

and all persons of benevolence will rejoice in having an opportunity of enabling him to reap the superior advantages of an education at the University.

Most of the Manuscripts (in their *present* form) were perused with the eye of astonishment by some of the first scholars in the kingdom, long before the Editor had a thought of making them publickly known. They were all written *in* the School of Crewkerne, as exercises (*de more Wiccamico*) on Saturday Evenings; for which the Author constantly received some public reward from the time that he attained to the tenth year of his age. He was admitted a Scholar on the Foundation, July 14, 1780. He seemed to enter the fields of science as if he thought that time would be his only estate. What Shakspeare says of Posthumus is equally applicable to him;

—— he took in learning
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest.

But let the reader judge of his mental abilities from his productions. Yet, in the compositions of a child, correctness must not be expected, nor indeed ought it to be found. Those who are acquainted with the gradual opera-

tions of the mind, and the progress of Genius, will be satisfied, if these Poems give sure indications of considerable attainments in learning, and of fine taste in works of Imagination.

A DISCIPLE of the *Platonic* School would be tempted to ascribe the emanations of *his* mind to the powers of *remembrance*. “ He was indeed born (as Addison elegantly expresses himself on a similar occasion) “ with all the seeds “ of Poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus’s “ ring, which had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses “ in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of “ Nature, without any help from Art.” His early attachment to the Muses was soon discoverable ; as every poetical image that occurred in his lesson was immediately reflected by the sensibility of his eye. His ear has been trained to harmony by a nice attention to the best writers amongst the English Classics ; and he seems to have tuned his little Lyre to the same note as Pope’s.

SOME

SOME readers may be disposed to think that a child could not give birth to such musical numbers as are to be found in the following Collection. But the impossibility of his receiving any assistance must be allowed, when it is added that Youths, even at the age of eighteen, have in vain disputed the prize, and beheld with envy the laurels that adorn his brow. The Editor likewise takes this opportunity of declaring, publicly, that he never assisted his Pupil in the structure of five verses throughout the whole of his Poems. And as the Greek and Latin Poems, now translated by BROWNE, were never attempted by any *former* Writer, he could not steal from the works of others. The inference then is obvious; and he can only be accused of the *theft of Prometheus*. It is certainly natural to form a judgement of things by comparison. Boys, generally speaking, are not capable of composition at so early a period. Yet who, that has had the happiness of hearing the celebrated *Crotch* play on

on the Harpsichord or Organ, ever doubted that his little hands called forth those sounds which

—— take the imprison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium?

Why then may not a Phænomenon appear in Literature as well as in Music? If any other boy of the same age could write with equal accuracy or elegance, the Editor would not have dared to obtrude the present Collection of Poems upon the Public, though the plea of charity had been ten times stronger than it really is. An impartial reader will soon be convinced of that visible superiority of style in every page, and the severest critic must consider them as a *Literary Curiosity*.

ANY Gentleman, who may indulge his doubts respecting the Abilities of the Author, shall have ample satisfaction; and, by examining him, either in public or in private, will confer the greatest favour on

THE EDITOR.

11/7/19

on the 11th of March, 1861, the first of the
series of the "Lancet" which

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(2)

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.

BY

MASTER JOHN BROWNE.

B

ΕΙΣ ΣΙΓΗΝ*.

Ω ΝΥΚΤΙ συγρονος μελαινη, και ΣΚΟΤΩ,

Ωχρα προσωπω, † ομμαλοιη πεπηλοισιν,

Προσθεισα χειλη δακρυλον κεκλεισμενα,

ΣΙΓΗ, τις εσι χωρος ω φιλεις μενειν;

Βαθυκολπος εσιν υλη;

Ορος εσι μακρον υψει;

Εν ερημω εσιν ευρει;

Μονος ηε πυελος εσι;

5

ΣΚΟΠΕ-

* This Picture of Silence is copied from nature by that Grecian Artist, the Rev. G. I. Huntingford.

— si propius stes,

Te capiat magis.

HOR. Epist. ad Pisones. v. 361.

† The particular attitude here displayed to the view of the reader under the words ομμαλοιη πεπηλοισιν will remind him of a striking personification in Gray's Hymn to Adversity:

— Silent

ODE TO SILENCE. Written at 10 years old.

SISTER to Darkneſs, and the gloomy Night,
 With viſage pale, and down-caſt, fixed, fight,
 Thy finger to thy cloſed lips apply'd,
 Say in what place, O Silence, you reſide?

Far in the wood-imboſom'd deep?

5

Or on the lofty mountain's ſteep?

In the dreary deſert wide?

Or by ſome lonely tower's ſide?

—— Silent Maid,

With *leaden* eye that loyes the ground ——

which was, probably, borrowed from Milton's *Il Penſeroſo*, v. 42.

—— till

With a ſad *leaden* downward caſt

Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.

And the image may be traced up to him, whoſe powerful fancy firſt gave it birth, viz. Shakspeare, who applies the ſame ſtrong epithet to contemplation, in his *Love's Labour Loſt*.

In *leaden* contemplation, &c.

Σκοπελοισιν η καθυσάι

Παρά θίνα της θαλασσης

Υπο νηνεμον γαληνην ;

Η μαλλον πολεεῖς εν ανεωδοσι μνημασι νεκρων

Ψυχων φευ μελεων * δεινοισι πλαγιστα σεναρμοις ;

Μητερ Αληθειαν, Μητερ Σοφιαῖτε τεκυστα

Συν σοι κ' Ειρηνη διον αδοιμι βιον.

* The Reader is desired to pardon this daring expression, and to understand by it "the groans proceeding from the ψυχων φευ μελεων, the wretched Ghosts,"

a Fic-

EUPHROSYNÉ.

Vide Carmina Quadragesimalia, vol. II. p. 43.

HUC Dea cum geminis, huc alma, sororibus adfis

Huc præcincta comas floribus, Euphrosyne.

Or sitt'st thou on the rocky shore

While Zephyrs calm the billows' roar?

Or dost thou midst the tombs now wand'ring tread, 10

Struck with the groans proceeding from the dead*?

Parent of Truth and Wisdom, by thy aid,

And thine, O Peace, a life divine I lead.

a Fiction legal in Poetry, and which may, perhaps, be justified by the following Line from Thomson's Winter,

"Mix'd with foul shades and frighted Ghosts they howl".

EUPHROSYNE.

HASTE, O Grace, and bring with thee

Health and Mirth, Euphrosyne,

(Thy twin Sisters, ever fair,)

And bind with flow'rs thy yellow hair.

Be

Et vaga Libertas, Hebeque procacior adfit,

Et fratrum quot sunt agmina ducat amor.

At procul hinc luctus, operosaque tœdia mentis, 5

Pallidaque avertat sollicitudo pedem.

Quin agite, O Lepidæ; liceat nemora alta subire

Atque manum vestris implicuisse choris.

Ducite quâ faciles nutus, oculique loquaces,

Et quâ cum risu liberiore joci. 10

Ducite quâ teneras invitant verna puellas

Cum pueris festum ducere prata diem.

Quâ vaga per valles umbrosas labitur unda,

Quâ clivi molles, quâ levis aura vocat:

Ægra alii studia, et curas sectentur edaces, 15

Hæc vos præstetis gaudia, vester ero.

Be Liberty, and Hebe, near;

5

And Cupid's brothers close the rear.

But Grief and Sorrow far depart,

And pale-ey'd Care that eats the heart.

Haste, ye mirthful three, and give

Me in Choirs with you to live.

10

Haste where nods, and speaking eyes,

And jokes, and gentler smiles, arise.

Haste where vernal fields invite

The youths and maids to join the rite.

Or where the bubbling stream distils

15

And laves the vale with murmuring rills;

To gentler slopes now haste away,

Or in the Zephyr's breeze to play:

Let others follow cares with pain,

And Griefs that close hard study's train;

20

But these joys if ye will give.

I'll, O Sisters, with you live.

ODE

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΡ.

ΕΑΡ ημιν ηδύ φαινα·

Μέλα σε γαρ εν πνοασι

Ζεφυροι φερουσιν ομβρον

Δροσοένθα, και γάληνη

Μαλακιζεται μεν αιθη.

5

Χλοεραις παλιν σολαισι

Τοτ' αβανθείαι γελῶνθα

Ορος, αἶκρος, αἶρος, υλη.

Στεφανος πλεκυσιν Ωραι

Κροταφας ροδοις δεῖσαι.

10

Πέταλοις αειδει. ορνις,

Εις Ιον μελισσα βομβει,

Απαλοι τρεχουσιν αμνοι

Περι λειμακος κολωνον,

Δαμαλις ποδεσσι σκαιρει.

15

Βαθυ-

ODE TO SPRING.

Delightful Spring, to us appear
 Leading on the blooming year,
 For rough Winter's storms are o'er,
 And Zephyr brings a dewy show'r.
 The woods and vales with thee, O Spring,
 Seem to dance in verdant ring.

5

Plaiting crowns the smiling Hours
 Adorn their heads with wreaths of Flow'rs.
 The bird now warbles on the tree,
 And in the violet hums the bee.
 The sportive lambkins skip around,
 Along the mead the heifers bound.

10

C

Behold

Βαθυσχοινῶ εἰνι λιμνῇ
 Ἰδε κυκνον, ὡς τραχηλῶ
 Ἐπικυβήτω*, ὡς πλεροῖσι
 Χιον' εἰκελοῖς γεγῆθεν

Δονακας λαποῖνες ἰχθῦς. 20
 Μεσῶ υδατος νεκσιν.
 Ὅσα ποικιλ' ἐστὶ ζῶα.
 Μαλα τερεῖται γε παντα,
 Νσος ἀλλ' ἀνῆς μαλιστα.
 Μακαρ ἠδοναῖς ἐρώτος. 25
 Ἀπο χειλεων ἐρυθρων
 Ἀμαρυλλιδος γλυκισης.
 Ὅταν ἀρπασῇ φιλημα,
 Μελίησιον φιλημα,
 Δι νεκταρ ου φθονησε. 30

Horat.

* The young Poet in his translation of these lines has stolen some expressions from.

Behold the swan with arched neck
Proudly mantling in the lake.

The rusby bank the fishes leave 15
And sport amidst the open wave.
All creatures feel thy genial ray,
Thy presence hail, and wish thy stay;
But most the youth elate with bliss
Steals from his love a balmy kiss, 20
A kiss like honey from her ruby lips
He does not envy Jove's ambrosial sips.

from Milton; of whose works he is so enamoured, that he can repeat the greatest part of the Paradise Lost.

—— the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet. B. VII. 438.

HORAT. Lib. I. Od. iv.

VERIS DESCRIPTIO.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris et Favoni;

Trahuntque fittas machinæ carinas.

Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,

Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ, 5

Junctæque Nymphis Gratia decentes

Alterno terram quatiunt pede; dum graves Cyclopum

Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidam caput impedire myrto

Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ. 10

Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,

Seu poscat agnam, five malit hædum.

ODE TO SPRING.

Translated from the 4th Ode of HORACE, Book I.

NOW tepid Spring dissolves the snow severe,
 And Zephyr comes to bless the smiling year,
 When hoary frosts no longer vex the plain
 The engines drag the vessels to the main :
 The flocks now joyous from their stalls retire, 5
 Nor doth the ploughman hover o'er the fire.
 While Cynthia shines, bright Venus leads her train,
 And Nymphs and Graces dance upon the plain,
 With feet alternate on the ground they move ;
 While Vulcan forges flaming bolts for Jove. 10
 Now it becomes to bind the head with flow'rs,
 Which bounteous Terra from her bosom pours,
 Or Faunus' altar to bedew with blood
 Of kid, or lamb, beneath the shady wood.

ΕΙΣ ΟΡΟΣ

ἐν ᾧ σκοπος πολεμικαῖς μηχαναῖς ἢ προκειμένος.

Ω Ποιμένες, μελισθεῖν

Συριγξὶν εἰ θελήῃς

Μη, ὥς το πρὶν, ἐν ἀδεῖν

Διαβροχῇ μακρᾷ

Χωροῖσιν ἐνὶ τέλοισι.

5

ΠΑΝ ὡς γὰρ φιλησας

Παίζειν χοροῖς ΝΑΠΑΙΩΝ

Συν ἀγρίαις εἰαιραῖς

Νυν πανία, πανία λειπών,

Ορη, ρεεθρα, βησσας

10

Αποιχέαι ταχιστα,

Οργή πικρά χολωθεῖς

Φρεσσών φοβῶ τε πολλῶ,

Ἦκυσεν ὡς κτυπῆσων

Των μηχανῶν ΑΡΗΟΣ.

15

On a Mountain, where a Target was placed for the Artillery-Men to exercise their Cannons, &c.

Shepherds, cease your jovial lay,
Nor longer here delight to stray.—
Tho' Sylvan Pan did here abide
And dance upon the valley's side,
While the Wood-nymphs sweetly sing
And sport amidst the joyful ring.
Now flowery vallies please no more,
And all the rural joys are o'er.—
No more the dances on the green
By purling rivulets are seen,
For Pan no longer haunts this grove
Nor o'er these plains delights to rove;
See, see! he flies all pale with rage and fear,
For Mars' loud cannons pierce his wild, affrighted ear.

T H E

Carmina Quadregesimalia. Vol. II. p. 9.

FERT iras et tela Jovis regina volucrum,

Et per inane volans ardua radit iter.

At gelidæ cygnus formosior accola ripæ

Alarum nitidas mergit in amne nives.

Populeâ nocturna sedens Philomela sub umbrâ

5

Dulcem iterans questum flebilis, orba parens.

Colli imbelle decus Junonius explicat ales,

Et caudæ pulchro firmate pingit humum.

Turtur ab aeriâ Cythereius ingemit ulmo,

Inque tuo gremio, Lesbica, passer agit.

10

Quemque suas sedes jussit Natura tueri,

Et data quisque sibi limina fidus amat.

THE BIRDS.

THE Eagle bears the thundering bolts of Jove,
And wings his course along the realms above.

The Swan, where streams the verdant meadows lave,
Cuts with his oary feet the silver wave.

Sad Philomela for her ravish'd young

Beneath the poplar shade renews her song.

Fair Juno's bird unfolds his gaudy train,

And paints with waving plumes the flowery plain.

The Sparrow chirps, proud of his Lesbia's love,

And Venus' turtle coos from every grove.

Nature to guard its feat each bird directs,

And each with joy his much-lov'd nest protects.

ΕΙΣ ΕΙΡΗΝΗΝ.

ΔΙΟΣ θρονῷ παρεδρος,
 Ηκαστε πρῶτον ὡς Χaos κελευσμάτος,
 Οσα μυρία κειμέν' αὖτοςω
 Ἐπὶ κόσμον πάντα τέλαίαι.

Εἰ φοβερὸς νεφελῶν δεινὸς σκόλος οὐρανὸν εἰλει,
 Εἰ βροντὴ κλυπεῖ, σμαραγῶσι δὲ κυμαῖα πόντις,

5

Σιγᾶν ὅταν κελευσῆς,
 Ὑπερῶσθ' ἀσπείλος αἶθρη,
 Κοιμῶντων ἀνέμων ῥεε λεία θάλασσα γαλήνη.

Πάντα

* A severe Critic may think the Young Poet rather wanton in his translation from ver. 5. to ver. 12. His imagination was heated by the description of the storm in the first Æneid of Virgil. Ver. 12. "And the bright Sun," &c. might be easily improved: but I have been unwilling to let the cold hand of Art check the

ODE TO PEACE.

O! Thou that fittest near the throne of Jove,
 When Chaos heard thy orders from above,
 Each atom, then in wild confusion hurl'd,
 Sprung from the deep, and form'd a perfect world.
 If e'er the Sun a dreadful darkness shrouds, 5
 And fear with thunder rolls along the clouds,
 If horrid storms the troubled deep surround,
 Old Ocean bellows, and his shores resound,
 Yet when the waves you order to be still
 The thunder's hush'd—the sea performs your will— 10
 The breaking clouds restore the coming day
 And the bright Sun no longer makes delay—
 The winds unto their rocky caverns fly,
 And a smooth calm will o'er the Ocean lie.

All

the warm and generous effusions of Nature. Sterility, and Poetical redundancy, ought, certainly, to be avoided.—The advice of Quintilian upon this subject

Πάντα σοι ευρίσκεις ευπειθεα, πλην αβρωχων

10

Ανθρώπων.—Αλλ' εἴθε φρονε, πολεμων τε, μαχῶν τε

Ἡμεῖς ἀπεχομεθα χειρας,

Τοτ' αξίως αἰσθῆσον

Τιμησομεν, και αξίως,

ΔΗΜΗΤΡΑ σεμνα καρπυ

15

Ξανθαις κομαις φορησει,

Ες τε γαμυς δαΐδας πολλας ΥΜΕΝΑΙΟΣ αναψει,

Παιδες και Νυμφαι πολεων παισιν αἰναις,

Εξβα σοφαι τευξεσι παλιν τοις δαιδαλα Τεχναι.

Carmina

should be written upon the heart of every instructor of youth in the world:—

“ Vitium utrumque; pejus tamen illud quod ex inopiâ, quàm quod ex copiâ venit. Nam in pueris oratio perfecta nec exigi nec sperari potest; melior autem est indoles lata generosique conatus, et vel plura justo concipiens spiritus. Nec unquam me in his dicentis annis offendat si quid supersuerit. Facile remedium est ubertatis: sterilia nullo labore vincuntur. Materiam esse primum volo vel abundantiore, atque ultra quàm oporteat fusam.” Vid. Lib. II. c. iv. And speaking

All nature hastes thy summons to obey, 15
 Yet man, proud man, rejects thy sovereign sway.
 O! quickly, *Mars*, forsake th' ensanguin'd field,
 Nor terrify the nations with thy shield.
 Then shall we pay due honours to the land,
 Each rustic reap the labours of his hand; 20
 And *Ceres* also shall a garland bear
 Of fruits and corn upon her yellow hair :
 Then, then shall *Hymen* light the torch of Love,
 And youths around Cythera's shrine shall move
 With lovely maids—wise arts will mortals feign, 25
 And Dædalean works shall shine again.

ing of the delicacy and tenderness to be observed in correcting the compositions of boys, he adds, p. 55. " Ne illud quidem quod admoneamus indignum est, ingenia puerorum nimia interim emendationis severitate deficere. Nam et desperant, et dolent, et novissimè oderunt: et quod maximè nocet, dum omnia timent, nihil conantur. Quod etiam rusticis notum est, qui *frondibus* teneris non putant adhibendam esse falcem, quia reformidare ferrum videntur, et cicatricem nondum pati posse."

Carmina Quadragesimalia. Vol. II. p. 12.

UT primum extulerit purum Sol aureus orbem,

Humidaque obliquo lumine prata micant;

Confestim volucres persultant agmina dumos,

Et liquidis mulcent cantibus omne nemus:

Tum corvi, solâ lapsi de turre, volatu

5

Ulmorum radunt culmina rauca vago.

Nunc et decutiens gelidos de corpore rores,

Lacivis agitur cursibus acer equus.

Armentum, effuso procedens agmine crebra

Mugitu placidum gaudet adesse jubar.

10

Jamque humilem pastor properat recludere portam,

Hesternumque alacri voce revisit opus.

Ipsa ex obscuris serpens revoluta latebris

Squamea in aprico tramite terga plicat.

Utcunque ingrata nox terret imagine mortis,

15

Continuò vitam dat renovata dies.

THE MORNING.

SOL in his chariot quits the watery main,
And shines obliquely o'er the dewy plain;

The birds now chirp along the verdant sprays,
And every grove resounds their rural lays.

The crows retiring from yon tower's height

5

Seek the wide forest in their wandering flight.

The steed exulting in the flowery mead

Shakes the cold dew-drops from his lofty head.

The oxen basking in the sun rejoice,

And shew their pleasure with a lowing voice.

10

The shepherd hastens to unlock his gate,

And views his former toils with joy elate.

The serpent creeping from his dark abode

Strews his green windings in the sunny road.

Nature each night death's horrid aspect wears,

15

But springs to life and with the morn appears.

EVENING.

Carmina Quadragesimalia. Vol. II. p. 14.

Vespere sub verno, tandem actis * imbribus, æther
 Guttatim sparfit rorat apertus aquis.
 Aureus abrupto curvamine desuper arcus
 Fulget, et ancipiti lumine tingit agros.
 Continuò sensus pertentat frigoris aura
 Vivida, et insinuans mulcet amœnus odor.
 Pallentes sparsim accrescunt per pascua fungi,
 Lætius et torti graminis herba viret.
 Plurimus annosâ decussus ab arbore limax
 In putri lentum tramite fulcat iter.
 Splendidus accendit per dumos lampada vèrmis,
 Roscida dum tremulâ semita luce micat.

E I Σ

* " A Summer Evening after a shower has been frequently described ; but never, that I can recollect, so justly as in these lines, whose greatest beauty is a simple enumeration of the appearances of nature, and of what is actually to be seen at such a time. They are not unworthy the correct and pure Tibullus.—

These

EVENING.

IN summer evenings when on mountain tops,
 Soft showers have fall'n, the dew descends in drops.
 With broken arch from heaven the golden bow
 Sheds dubious splendor on the plains below.
 And now a cutting gale the wind alarms, 5
 Or a soft western breeze the senses charms.
 Now through the pasture-fields pale mushrooms spring,
 And the green valleys seem to dance and sing.
 And many a snail dropt from some aged boughs
 Through the moist path its slimy passage ploughs. 10
 A trembling light o'er every meadow plays,
 And glow-worms shine amidst the thorny sprays.

These are the particular circumstances that usually succeed a shower at that season, and yet these are new and untouched by any other writer." See that enchanting Essay on the Genius and Writings of *Pope*, by the learned Dr. Warton, vol. I. p. 49.

ΕΙΣ ΒΑΡΒΙΤΟΝ.

ΑΓΕ, Βαβύλον, κροῦθι

Επι νευρα, χερσιν ἡδύ

Δος ἐμοὶ μελισμα τευχεν.

Φίλοι ευμενεῖς καλῶσιν

Εμε· καὶ τίς ὃ δαλῆται

5

Αγαθὸς φίλοις ἀρεσκεν ;

Ω ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ, διδάσκει

Μαλακὴν Σὺ λέξιν ὠδαις·

Φοβεράν Σὺ δεινόητα

ΣΟΦΟΚΛΗΣ· Τρίτος μὲν ἄλλος

10

Τραλίκων, παθῶν κρᾶηται.

Επι πασιν, εἰ λαβοίμι

Απο Σὺ, Πάτερ μέλισσε,

Θεοεικέλ' υἱε Φοῖβε,

Υψος ἀσμάτων, ΟΜΗΡΕ,

15

Τοῖε

ODE TO MY HARP.

A WAKE, awake, my tuneful lyre!

And thy suppliant's voice inspire,
Some sweet melodious strain to sing,
Beating on thy trembling string.

My dearest friends demand my lay, 5
And who would not his friends obey?

Give me, *Anacreon*, to rehearse
In luscious odes thy softest verse—
Do thou, O *Sophocles*, impart
Words that may harrow up the heart— 10
Euripides, assist my mind
To rule the passions of mankind.

But if I could receive alone
From thee—great Phœbus' god-like son!!!—
A spark of thy immortal fire, 15
And to thy heavenly style aspire,

Τότε πολλον εκ ονοσον

Συνέλοις γερας δίδουν,

Ταχα και σμικρον δεχοιτο

Αναθημα τέλο Μῦσαι.*

- * The following Stanza (selected from an Ode on the Pleasure of Poetry, in Vol. III. of Doddsley's Collection) is addressed by Mr. Vansittart to Milton, but is still more applicable to the immortal Homer.

O! could I catch one ray divine
From thy intolerable blaze!
To pour strong lustre on my line,
And my aspiring Song to raise;
Then should the Muse her choicest influence shed,
And with eternal wreaths entwine my lofty head.

Then should I hope some strain to raise
 As might obtain no vulgar praise,
 This little offering then the Nine
 Would bid me lay beneath their shrine.

20

A Paraphrase on the latter Part of the 4th Chapter

ST. MARK.

LO! from the blackening sky the tempest raves,
 And the ship groans beneath the weight of waves.
 To Him in sleep reclin'd they shivering cry,
 And car'st thou not, O Master, that we die?
 He rising then rebuk'd the stormy waves,
 Be still, O winds, and seek your rocky caves;—
 The winds obedient in their caverns sleep,
 And a smooth calm o'erspreads th' astonish'd deep.

5

On

ΕΙΣ ΚΡΗΝΗΝ ΒΡΙΣΤΟΛΙΚΗΝ.

ΚΡΗΝΗ πορρσα καινην

Τοις ασθειουσιν ισχυν

Ιαλικοις ρεεθοις,

Δος φιλαλω πιονη

Εξ υδατος κραλισης

5

Το δωρον υλειας.

Δος (αξιουσ γαρ εσιν
αυτα κεν θελησης)

Δος τω παλιν νεεσθαι

Δομονδε προς τοκηας,

10

Αδελφικας, εταιρας,

Οι νυν χερσιν ευχας,

Θεοισι, Σοι τε, Κρηνη,

Οπως μαλιστα ρωμη

Θαλλων ανελθη ωδε,

15

Εις οψιν, ες τε χειρας,

Ασπασος εν ποθησιν.

Ει σωος αυλος ηκοι,

Τοθ' αλμυρης θαλασσης,

Τοθ' απειρα και ομβρα

20

Αμικλος αιεν ειης

Παιμονος συ Κρηνη.

On the Bristol Hot-Wells. Addressed to the Nymph who
is supposed to preside over the Fountain.

O Thou! whose streams relieve the sick man's pains,
And add new vigour to his flowing veins,
Oh! to my longing eyes my friend restore,
Who in meek prayers doth now thy aid implore;
To him, dear Fountain, health's rich blessing give, 5
(For sure my friend is worthy to receive)—
Let those fond Parents who his absence mourn
With transport view their new-born son return;—
O! let his friends once more their darling see
Who send their constant vows to heaven and thee.— 10
If my lov'd friend should from his sickness rise,
And with his image feast my anxious eyes,
Then may thy streams still unpolluted glide
Unmixt with rain, or Thetis' briny tide.

Carmina Quadagesimalia. Vol. II. p. 118.

ARCUM humeris Indus patrio de monte recisum

Fert gradiens, armant aspera tela manum.

Defessus temerè se sternit in hospite ripâ,

Defilit herbofo quâ levis unda jugo.

Decutit esuriens incultis mora rubetis,

5

Arentemque levat devia lympha fitim.

Gaudet, versicolor telo seu sternitur ales,

Pennarum ut decoret lucidus ordo caput :

Seu parvis donum, rediens sub vespere, natis

Implumes celsâ a rupe refert aquilas.

10

Tum nemus umbrosum, riguoque recentia musco

Prata, et quâ placidi murmuris aura, colit :

Antra tegunt vivo pendentia pumice, et aureis

Quos pingit calthis Flora benigna, tori.

Hæc habet Indus inops ; meliùs non auferet esca

15

Lauta famem, nec sic regia tecta nitent.

E16

THE INDIAN.

YON Indian shakes his poison'd darts—and lo!

O'er his bare shoulder hangs his dreadful bow.

Chill'd with no fears his weary limbs he throws

Where the cool stream in flow meanders flows.

The wholesome berries from some lonely wood

5

His hunger shakes, nor craves for richer food,

And the clear springs that o'er the meadows fly

To quench his thirst their simple cups supply.

Joy swells his heart, if e'er his sounding bow

Hath laid some bird of various colours low,

10

To deck with plummy pride his sable brow:

Or to his Sons, when Night unfolds her wings,

Torn from his rocky nest the unfledg'd eaglet brings.

Now o'er the mossy fields he loves to rove

Where breezes whisper comfort through the grove.

15

His cave with living jewels Nature spreads,

And Flora's marigolds adorn his beds.

Such wealth, tho' poor, the Indian doth possess

What king can equal him in happiness?

Εἰς Ὑποδείχον Οἰάταις καὶ Γερυσὶν Ωκισμένον.

ΤΟΥΤΟΥΣ δομὰς ἐσελθὼν

Ποδῶσι δὸς καμῶσιν

Ἀμπαυμῶλος τυχεῖσαι

Οἰάα. Τοῖς ἐν οἰκοῖς

Χρῆσαι πορῶσι χεῖρες

Ξενοῖς φαλεῖν, πλεῖν τε.

Ἐνι τοῖς εἶδεν γεροντίας

Ἐξεῖσι σοι γελῶντας

Τερπνον. Λαλεῶσιν οὐλοῖ

Τετλίδες ὥσπερ οἰεῖς

10

Φωναῖς

_____ οἷα

* I am aware (says *Fawkes*, in a note on ver. 160, of the 7th Idyllium of *Theocritus*) that the Greek word τετλίξ, and the Latin *cicada*, means a different insect from our *grasshopper*; for it has a rounder and shorter body, is of a dark green colour, sits upon trees, and makes a noise five times louder than our *grasshopper*.

Ode on St. Cross, near Winchester.

Stranger ! behold these mansions blest

Where weary feet enjoy their rest,

Where bounteous hands the food prepare

For each poor traveller to share.

'Tis here Content ne'er fails to wait,

And Age *sits smiling at the gate.*—

Hark, methinks I hear them now,

Simply chatting in a row ;

Speaking shrill with feeble voice,

As when the grasshoppers* rejoice,

hopper. It begins its song as soon as the sun grows hot, and continues singing till it sets. Its wings are beautiful, being streaked with silver, and marked with brown spots. The outer wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated ; yet, after the example of Mr. Pope, I retain the usual term. See Iliad, III. v. 200.

————— narrative with age
In summer-days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

——— οποια καλως

Επραξαν εν χρονοισι

Της ανδρειας και ηθης,

Θυμοις παλιν δοκύντες

Τας ημερας βιωσαι.

Και μεψευς φιλέντες

Αιωνι τω παρόντι,

Παντας βροχας μεν ούλας

Της νυν, καλωςσι φαυλας,

Αναλκιδας, και αισχερας.

Μακαρίοι γεροντες

Παυσασθε τως επιπλειν

Ημας· αμεινον εσαι

Εχειν * χαριν δικαιαν

15

20

Διδόντι

* As the subject of this Ode may not be sufficiently known to many of our readers, a short, though imperfect, account of the place where the scene lies will, perhaps, be acceptable:—The Hospital of St. Cross is situate about a mile on the south of Winchester: it is an asylum, or receptacle for old men, who,

They boast of deeds which once their pow'r
 So well perform'd in days of yore ;
 Those days which to their mental view
 Seem again to rise anew.

Hark ! each wise, conceited sage

15

Dares to blame the present age,

Calls each degenerated youth

Feeble, base, and void of truth.—

“ Not so, my Friends, when we were young

“ Our nerves were then with vigour strung.”

20

Thrice happy men, reproach give o'er—

Our injur'd fame offend no more.—

Rather

who, being incapable of gaining a livelihood by their industry, are admitted to a comfortable maintenance, and have an opportunity of closing the evening of their lives in peace. Formerly a great number of persons received their daily bread from thence: but now only nine brethren (as they are called) and a porter reside within the walls. Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, in the reign of Henry the First, was the fountain of this charity. “ *Xenodochium illud celeberrimum S. Crucis Wintoniæ dotavit et construxit, an. 1132,*” says Godwin de Præful. Angliæ, p. 272. But Cardinal Beaufort caused it to flow in a richer

Διδόνι πρῶτον υμῖν

25

Λταρ βιβ πεινχες

Αγειν κακων αμοιβον

Γηρας σχολη γαληνη.

➤ Carmina

richer channel:—"Memoratur præcipue Xenodochium sive noso-comium prope illud S. Crucis Wintoniæ quod prædiis dotavit, annuas 158. libras et 13. s. atque denariorum 4. redditibus, ac insuper transferri ad id curavit, quicquid ad collegium de Fordingbridge spectavisset. Alebantur in eo præses (magister appellatus) capellani 2. pauperes 35. et mulieres quæ eos curarent ægrotos 3.

To the foregoing account the Editor takes the liberty of subjoining an early poetical attempt of his own: it is part of a familiar Epistle to The Rev. Dr. Hoadly, late master of St. Cross, (whom he had the pleasure of calling his uncle), and was composed at Winchester college in 1768.

I.

Lo! *Beaufort* still displays his bounteous aid,
Kind *Plenty* hovers o'er
The hospitable roof, soft-melting maid,
Compassion loves the door.

II.

There by the howling tempest's nightly rage
Driv'n begs on bending knee
The shivering Traveller with wrinkled age,
And finds a friend in *Thee*.

III.

Rather to *Him* your tribute pay
Who first reviv'd life's drooping ray,
Learn in content your days to spend,
And happy hasten to your end.

25

III.

With eyes uplift the mother hails him blest
Whose gifts fresh life bestow,
The babes fast clinging round her ragged vest
Their dumb thanksgiving shew.

IV.

There age decrepit finds its last relief;—
Sweet joys that never cease;—
Far, far remov'd from all the storms of grief,
They dwell with Heav'n and Peace.

Carmina Quadregesimalia. Vol. II. p. 97.

MOLES has veteres, hunc religionem tremendum,
Virgilii servant ossa verenda locum.

Injussæ erumpunt ederae, laurusque recentes

Scenaque perpetuâ fronde corusca viret.

Luridus hinc serpens, hinc exulat herba veneni,

5

Obscænæ volucres, bufoque rauca sonans.

Sæpe sonos audit pastor sub nocte silenti,

Et querulæ circum murmura facta lyræ*.

Sæpe videt supra æthereas assistere formas

Et levibus sylvam pervolitare choris.

10

Hæ blandos mulcent flores, foliisque malignos

Decutiunt rores invigilantque fati.

Umbra Palatinæ non talis præsidet arci,

Nec tali assurgunt numine tecta Jovis.

E I Σ

* Dr. Warton, in his poem called The Enthusiast, or Lover of Nature, breaks out, with true poetic rapture,

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

THESE ancient structures, this religious place,

The venerable bones of Virgil grace—

Spontaneous laurels decorate the ground,

And Bacchus' recent ivy twines around.

No herb of poison grows, no crested snake,

5

No birds obscene, nor toads, approaches make.

Sounds in the air the Shepherd oft doth hear,

And the lyre murmurs in his ravish'd ear;

His mental eye surveys in realms above

Ethereal forms that hover o'er the grove.

10

These watch the smiling crops at midnight hours,

And shake the noxious dew from off the flow'rs.

But not such guards secure the throne of Jove,

Nor in the tow'r of Palatina rove.

— Still the shepherds shew

The sacred place, whence with religious awe

They hear, returning from the field at eve,

Strange whisp'rings of sweet music through the air.

Ι Σ Ε Α Π Ι Δ Α

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ, Ελπίς, ἐσσι δῶρον ἕρην.

Βροτοῖς πονῶμενοῖς τόσαις ἀλήθοσι.

Τρεῖς ἀθλιον μὲν ἀνδρὰ τοῖς ἐρώτικοις.

Παιδὸς κορῆς ὡς τευξέλαι Φιλῶμενης.

Σειραῖς Σὺ ποιεῖς δεσμὸν σιδήρεαι.

Ἀδελφὸν, οὐδὲ μὴ μὴδ' ἀμὲν μακρὸν μένον.

Ψιλὴ Σὺ ποιεῖς καὶ δοκὴν καθήμενον.

Ναυαγὸν ὃ πρὸς κυμάτων φοβῶμενον.

Εἰ χερσὸν, οὐκὰ τῆλε καὶ περ, προσβλεποῖ.

Σὺ Μῆτρας καὶ παιδῶν τεθνηκότων.

Βρηφὴ Φερεσας πολλακὶς ταῖς ἀγκυραῖς.

Ἀθρεῖν μεριμναῖς ἐλπνῶν ἐξ ομμάτων.

Εἰ περ φίλοις τί πνεῦμα μαινῇ σάμασιν.

Αἰεὶ γῆθοσύνην, κενεὰν περ, σῆθεῖ βαλλε.

Ἐσαι σῆς ἀπαλῆς ὕδεν ἐμοὶ γλυκίον.

ODE TO HOPE.

O! Blessed Hope, by bounteous heaven assign'd
To sooth the toils and troubles of mankind:

You cause the man deceiv'd by beauty's charms

To grasp his long-lov'd virgin in his arms.

You make the captive in his iron chains

5

To sing with joy unmindful of his pains.

By thee, O Hope, the ship-wreck'd sailor's led,

Tho' tost by waves he yet forgets his dread;

If from the floating plank his watchful eye

Some land discern, tho' far that land may lie.

10

Ev'n yon sad mothers feel a moment's rest,—

Catching their children to their throbbing breast.—

They look with care, if to their longing eyes

Some parting breath should from their lips arise,

And still, alas! tho' life's last signs are fled,

15

Watch the cold corse, and scarce believe them dead.

Thy balm, O Hope, into my soul instil,

Thy sweet illusions shall delight me still.

Carmina Quadragesimalia. Vol. II. p. 96.

HÆC solo ingemuit secum Pæantius antro,

Dum tristes iterant Lemnia saxa sonos:

“Chara Philoctetæ sedes, vos, gurgite puro,

“Sperchii fontes, Cætaque sacra, vale.

“Me circum horrescunt atrâ formidine sylvæ,

“Et freta perpetuo murmure rauca gemunt.

“Circum ululare lupi per sævæ tædia noctis,

“Et sola obscæno carmine bubo queri.

“Eheu! quis medicis ficcabit vulnera lymphis?

“Quis mœstum miserans defleat ante torum?

“Cui potero languens morientem entendre dextram?

“Cui tacita advolvam lumina cum gemitu?

“O! quis me sistat, fremitus quâ fervet equorum,

“Quâ sonus armorum, quâ tuba rauca sonat?

“Tela inter media, et confusæ stragis acervos

“Alcidæ comites oppetiisse decet.”

PHILOCTETES.

THUS Philoctetes made his bitter groans,

While Lemnian rocks renew'd his plaintive moans ::

" Farewell, O sacred Æta, and the cave

" Where Sperchian fountains roll a chrystal wave.

" Wild Ocean roars amidst his foaming floods,

5

" And a brown horror nods o'er yonder woods.

" When tedious night extends her sable reign

" The hungry wolves rush roaring o'er the plain,

" Ah! wretched me, I hear the hooting tongue

" Of yonder owl, who swells her doleful song.

10

" Who shall with healing waters cleanse my wound?

" Or with his tears bedew these rocks around?

" To whom shall I, when languishing I lie,

" Stretch my faint arm, or roll my silent eye?

" O! who will place me near the din of arms,

15

" The courser's neighs, or trumpet's fierce alarms?

" Alcides' followers it behoves to die.

" Where darts, and slaughter'd foes unnumber'd lie.

Ode:

ΕΙΣ ΣΧΟΛΗΝ.

ΩΡΑΙ ποθεῖναι πολλά ταχυνεῖς,

Οτ' εἰς Μυσῶν ἀνθεσι κειμένος

Εἰς καλά Παρνασσὸν καρήναι

Ἦδ' ὅντων ἀναπαυμ' αἰδοίμι.

Εὐπνιαζὼν θεσκελὰ φασμάτα

5

Βλεψῶ· καὶ ὥσιν πολλακὶ ληψομαι

Φωνὴν γλυκίστην τῶν Ἀοιδῶν

Εἰς κίθαρας μέλος ἀρμολύων.

Καὶ νῦν θρανίης μόλῃης γέμει κατ'—

— Ὀμηρος

10

Ὀρῆν ἤσσε θεαῖς Πηληϊάδῃ σονοέσσαν,

Δακρυὰ τ' Ἀνδρομαχίης—

— Ἐκβάτης

Ode on LITERARY RETIREMENT*.

HASTE, ye long-desired hours,
 When I within Parnassian bow'rs
 On beds of roses soft reclin'd,
 Shall sweet retreat from labour find.
 Entranc'd in sleep what forms will rise ? 5
 What visions pass before my eyes ?
 I then full oft such strains shall hear
 As captive lead th' imprison'd ear—
 And Poets rapt in heav'nly fire
 Shall tune to melody the lyre. 10
 Ev'n now I hear with god-like rage inspir'd
 The bards of old by great Apollo fir'd—
 Pelides fatal fury *Homer* sung,
 (With heavenly notes distilling from his tongue)
 Those tears *Andromache* for *Hector* shed 15
 Who mourn'd the living husband, and the dead.—

* To retire from the fatigues of business, or the still greater fatigues of fashionable pleasures, to the contemplation of Homer, of Sophocles, or Euripides, is a luxury indeed! It is as refreshing as the shadow of a great rock to a land fainting with heat.

Εκαθ' ἑκατὸς καὶ στήθεα γυμνα*,

Χερσιν Ἀχιλλῆος Πρίαμον τε φίλημα δίδουα.

Ἀλλ' ὥστις οὗτος ἐστὶ τόσσον ἐκδοῶν

15

“ Ἴω Κυθαίρων, φευ λεχὸς τε Μήερος,

“ Λαθὼν μὲν αὖτ' ἄνδρα παῖς τε, καὶ πόσις τυχῶν,

“ Τεκνοῖς ἀδελφός, καὶ παῖρ καλῶμενος.”

Ω ΟΙ-

* The circumstance of Hecuba's endeavouring to awaken the tender feelings of her son Hector by unbracing her zone, &c. &c. is too well known to require a hand like mine to point out its beauties. He who can read the distresses of the regal parents, as described by Homer in his 22d Iliad, without feeling some particular emotion, will do his heart no injustice if he concludes it to be destitute of all sensibility. It is difficult to refrain from addressing Hector in the words of holy writ, “Honour thy father that begat thee, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother.” There is a language in silent action far beyond the reach of words; or, as Dr. Warton expresses himself in the *Adventurer*, vol. IV. p. 62.

“ Silence paints what words can never reach.”

The

Ah! what avails, O Queen, that bosom bare!

In vain you plead a mother's former care!

See! see! the poor old king in grief appears—

Kneels at Achilles' feet, and bathes them with his tears— 20

He prints his kisses on those murderous hands

That slew his numerous race, and spoil'd his fruitful lands.

“ But who is this that, wild with pain,

“ Thus loud laments in frantic strain?

“ Alas! Cithæron! O my mother's bed!

25

“ To which I was, yet innocently, led—

“ Unnatural incest!—nuptials dire!

“ Call'd by my sons, a brother, and a fire.”

O-Ædi-

The Athenian orator Hyperides owed his success to the *εὐχαιρα* of Phryne. “ She was the most famous courtesan of that age; her form so beautiful, that it was taken as a model for all the statues of Venus carved at that time throughout Greece: yet an intrigue between her and Hyperides grew so scandalous, that an accusation was preferred against her in the court of Athens. Hyperides defended her with all the art and rhetoric which experience and love could teach him; and his oration for her was as pretty and beautiful as his subject. But, as what

Ω ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ βροῶν μαλιστα δυστυχῆς

Τοιαυτὰ σε παθόντος οἴκτος μοι πέλει.

20

Ἀλλην δὲ καὶ νῦν

Ἀυδὴν ἀκῶ

Μήτρος λείψανος

“ Τί, τέκνα, προσδεχέσθε τέλει μ’ ὀμμάσι ”

“ Φαίδροις; γελᾶτε καὶ προσώποις ἀμύλοις; ” 25

“ Ω φίλαιοι, μοι καρδίαν δαμάζει. ”

Ἀλλὰ μὲν οὐ κατέχριν ὀφθῆν, ΜΗΔΕΙΑ, θελήσεις,

Εἰ μὴ τεγξείας πρότερον ξίφος αἱματὶ παιδῶν.

Φρενίῳ

is spoken to the ears makes not so deep an impression as what is shewn to the eyes, Hyperides found his eloquence unavailing; and, effectually to soften the judges, *uncovered the lady's bosom*. Its snowy whiteness was an argument in her favour not to be resisted, and therefore she was immediately acquitted.—The reader will, I hope, allow me to add a circumstance of a similar nature recorded by Ælian in his History. “ The famous tragic poet Æschylus was condemned to die on account of some blasphemous expressions in one of his tragedies; and

the

O Œdipus! most wretched of mankind!

Thy *horrid* sufferings wound my bleeding mind.— 30

But hark! another voice I hear!

'Tis sure some matron whispers in my ear—

"Why, O my sons, do such sweet smiles arise?

"What means that transport sparkling in your eyes?

"Oh! my fall'n arm amidst the pangs of woe 35

"Forgets a while to give the dreadful blow."—

Yet, O Medea, you no rest will feel

'Till your sons' blood hath stain'd your thirsty steel.

the Muses themselves in vain attempted to plead the cause of their favourite son. The hands of the people were lifted up to hurl the fatal stones; when his brother Amynias (who had unfortunately lost an arm in the naval engagement against the Persians near the island of Salamis, and had been crowned with particular honours by the Athenians), rising up, displayed to view the mangled ruins of his arm, his *πνχυν ἐρημαυ της χειρος*, cubitum manu *viduatum*, which would suffer by a literal translation. The appeal was irresistible: the Athenians felt the *παθος το ανδρος*; all his former services in defence of his country rose up in their minds, and Æschylus was pardoned immediately.

Φρετῶ σνάγμους

Ἀμφὸν βοῶντων,

30

“ Οἰκτερε, μητερ,

“ Οἰκτερε τέκνα,

“ Περ χεῖρε μητρος

“ Εξεσι φεύγειν;

“ Ολωλα ἀδελφε,

35

“ Ολωλα καὶ γω

“ Ἀδελφε, χαιρε.”

Πεπραχθαι εἶδον.

Ἰω μοι μοι δυσηνω,

Τρομος ἐκ φονῆς ἐλλαβε γυναι,

Ρίψεν* θυμος, καὶ θαμβεῖ γλωσσα πεπηλιν.

Carmina

* In order to relish the beauties of this Ode, it is necessary to be intimately acquainted with some of the most striking parts of the Iliad of Homer, with the
Œdipus

Oh ! my soul shudders when I hear
The children shrieking in my ear—

40

“ O mother, turn away your rage—

“ Have pity on our tender age.

“ Ah me ! ah ! whither can I fly

“ My mother’s hands ? alas ! I die—

“ My dearest brother, Oh ! adieu—

45

“ I bleed, I bleed, and come to you.”

The murderous work is done—I shake with fear—

My tongue is chain’d with grief, and horrors raise my hair.

Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, and with the Medea of Euripides. Mr. Huntingford has, designedly, stolen from the writers above-mentioned ; and,

Apis Matinæ

More modoque,

collected honey from the flowers of Greece, and brought it to his own hive.

The

Carmina Quadragesimalia. Vol. II. p. 3.

QUA` nudo Rosomonda humilis sub culmine tecti
Marmoris obscuri servat inane decus,

Rara intermissæ circum vestigia molis,

Et sola in vacuo tramite porta labat.

Sacræ olim fedes riguæ convallis in umbrâ,

5

Et veteri pavidum relligione nemus.

Pallentes nocturna ciens campana sorores

Hinc matutinam sæpe monebat avem :

Hinc procul in mediâ tardæ caliginis horâ

Prodidit arcanas arcta fenestra faces.

10

Nunc muscosa extant sparsum de cespite saxa,

Nunc muro avellunt germen agreste boves.

Fors et tempus erit, cum tu, Rhedecyna, sub astris

Edita, cum centum turribus ipsa rues.

HOMER.

The RUINS of GODSTOW NUNNERY, near Oxford.

WHERE *Rosomonda* keeps the honours vain

Of yon sad ruins nodding o'er the plain,

How few the footsteps of that antique wall!

The desert gate just seems in act to fall.

Ah! seats once sacred in the valley's shade,

5

And the grove awful by religion made.

The nightly bell rous'd up the sisters pale

Startling the cock amidst the gloomy vale:

Hence from afar at the dead hour of night

The windows small betray'd the secret light.

10

Now stone by stone the wretched fragments fall,

And oxen pull the moss-envelop'd wall.

Oh! Rhedecyna, with your towers renown'd,

You too must fall with ruin to the ground.

The

HOMER. Iliad VI. v. 407.

Δ Αἰμονιέ, φθίσει σε το σον μένος, ἔδ' ἐλευθέρεις

Παῖδά τε νηπιαχόν, καὶ ἐμ' αἰμορόν, ἢ τάχα χῆρη

Σεῦ εἶσομαι· τάχα γὰρ σε παλακλιανέουσιν Ἀχαιοί,

Πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες·—

— ἐμοὶ δὲ κε κέρδιον εἴη

5

Σεῦ ἀφαρμάτῃσιν χθονά δυμεναί·—

— ἔ γάρ ἐγ' ἄλλη

Ἔσαι θάλλωσιν, ἐπεὶ ἂν σὺτε πόλμον ἐπισπης,

Ἀλλ' ἀχέ· ἔδε μοι ἐστὶ πάτηρ καὶ πόλνια μήτηρ.

Ἦτοι γὰρ πάτερ ἄμ' ἀπέκτανε Διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,

10

Ἐκ δὲ πόλιν περσεν Κιλικῶν εὐ ναιετάωσαν,

Θήβην ὑψίπυλον· κατὰ δ' ἐκλάνεν Ἡλείωνα,

Οὐδὲ μὲν ἐξέναριξε· σέβασσατο γὰρ τότε θυμῷ·

Ἀλλ' ἀγὰρ μιν καλέκχε συν ἐνέστι διαδαλεοῖσιν,

Ἡδ'

The SPEECH of ANDROMACHE to HECTOR.

AH! Prince of Troy, ah! whither dost thou fly?
 Beneath the horrid jaws of Mars to die!
 Nor can soft pity touch thy generous mind?
 Leave not thy widow'd spouse and infant son behind.
 For soon the host of Greece, enrag'd to see
 So many God-like acts perform'd by thee,
 In one fierce tumult rushing o'er the plain
 Shall stretch thy corse midst mountains of the slain.
 But, oh! before my Hector meets his doom
 May I repose within the silent tomb! 10
 My soul can find no other kind relief
 To lull my cares, or smoothe the brow of Grief.
 Alas! no parents live my tears to see,
 Or sooth my anguish when depriv'd of thee.
 For great Achilles slew my warlike Sire, 15
 And wrapt Cilicia's lofty gates in fire;
 Yet dar'd not strip the spoils from off his foe,
 But sent him decent to the shades below,

Ἡδ' ἐπὶ σπῆμα' ἔχεν·

— περὶ δὲ Πηλεὺς ἐφύευσαν

Νυμφαὶ Οὐρεσίδες, καὶ Διοὶ αἰοχοιοί,

Οἱ δὲ μοι ἐπὶ ἀσπίδι ἔσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν,

Τοὶ μὲν πάντες κωκυὶ καὶ ἡμᾶτι αἰδοσέσθω·

Πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνε Πάριος ἄναξ Ἀχιλλεύς, 20

Βῆσιν ἐπ' εἰλιποδέσσι καὶ ἀργεννῆς οἶεσσι.

Μῆερα δ' ἡ βασιλευνὶ Ὑποπλάκῳ ὕλησση,

Τὴν ἐπεὶ ἀρ' ἔδρ' ἦαγ' ἀμ' ἀλλοισι κτεάεσσιν,

Ἀψ' οἷα τὴν ἀπελυσέ, λαβὼν ἀπερείσι' ἀποῖνα·

Πάρος δ' ἐν μεγάροισι βαλ' Ἀχαιῶν ἰοχαιρα. 25

Ἐχθρὸν, ἅλαρ σὺ μοι εἶσι πάτηρ καὶ πόλιν ἀμύλην,

Ἡδὲ κασιγνήτος, σὺ δὲ μοι θαλάσσης παρακοίτης.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐλεεινέ, καὶ αὖτις μὲν ἐπὶ πυρῶν,

Μὴ παῖδ' ὀφθανικὸν φείσῃς, χθρὸν τε γυναῖκα·

Ἄα

And o'er his honour'd ashes raised a tomb
In future ages to record his doom: 20

The mountain Nymphs their elms then planted round,
To spread their branches o'er that sacred ground.

By the same murd'rous hands my seven dear brothers bled,
And in one day to Pluto's mansion fled.

My mother, who in Hippoplacia sway'd, 25
By the fierce victor was a captive made,

With other treasures from the royal doom,

Yet soon he sent his ransom'd victim home.

But her at length the fates compell'd to die,
Struck with the darts that from Diana fly. 30

But thou, O Hector, dost a father prove,
A tender mother—and a husband's love—

Think then on me—and in *this* tow'r remain,

Nor meet the Grecians in yon dreadful plain—

Leave not thy son without a father's care, 35

And wretched spouse no friend her griefs to share.

Λαὸν δὲ ἤσπον παρ' ἐρίνεον, ἐνθα μαλιστα

30

Ἀμβάλος ἐστὶ πόλις, καὶ ἐπιδρομον ἐπλεῖσ' τείχος.

Τρεῖς γὰρ τῆγ' ἐλθόντες ἐπείρυσανθ' οἱ ἀρίστοι,

Ἀμφ' Αἰανίῃ δῶν, καὶ Ἀτὰκλῦτον Ἰδομενεῖα.

Ἡδ' ἀμφ' Ἀλκείδαν, καὶ Τυδεὸς ἀλκιμον υἱόν.

Ἦεν τις σφιν ἐνίσπε θεοπροπιῶν εὐ εἰδώς,

35

Ἡ νῦν καὶ αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐπὶοῖρυνει καὶ ἀνώγει.

ILIAD VI. v. 441.

Ἡ ΚΑΙ ἐμοὶ ταδὲ πάντ' ἀμείλει, γυναι· ἀλλὰ μαλλ' αἰνῶς

Αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάδας ἐλκεσίπεπλους,

Αἶκε, κακὸς ὥς, νοσφιν ἀλυσκάζω πολέμοιο·

Οὐδὲ με θυμὸς ἀνώγει, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἐμμεναι ἐσθλός

Αἶκε, καὶ πρῶτοισι μέγα Τρῳέεσσι μαχεσθαι

5

Ἀγρυμνέος πάρος τε μέγα κλέος, ἢδ' ἐμὸν αὐτὰ.

Εὐ

O! stop the army where yon fig-tree tow'rs—
 Where now the Grecian host with fury pours.
 Each glorious *Ajax*, panting to destroy,
 Has thrice attack'd that feeble part of Troy, 40
 With great *Idomeneus* ne'er-fading fame,
 And brave *Tydidēs* far-resounding name—
 Great *Atreus'* sons to gain *that* pass have strove,
 Led by fond hopes, or else inspir'd by Jove :
 Let others try their courage in the field, 45
 Guard thou thy sinking Troy with thy extended shield.

THE SPEECH OF HECTOR TO ANDROMACHE.

THESE things, O Woman, are to me a care,
 But most proud Troy's insulting race I fear—
 Should Hector quit the fields of war with shame,
 To dim the glory of his rising fame,
 And add disgrace unto my father's name? }

5

Yet

Εὐ μὲν γὰρ τοδε οἶδα καλά Φρενα καὶ καλά θυμόν,

Ἐσσεῖται ἡμαρ.—

— ὅ' ἂν πο' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱερῇ,

Καὶ Πριάμος, καὶ λαὸς εὐμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο·

10

Ἀλλ' ἔ μοι Τρῶων τόσπον μελεῖ ἄλλος ὀπίσσω,

Οὐτ' αὐτῆς Ἐκάβης, εἴε Πριάμοιο ἀνακτορ,

Οὐτ' ἐκασίγητων, οἱ κεν πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ

Ἐν κονίῃσι πεσοῖεν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι δυσμεινεσσίν,

Ὅσπον σεί' ὅτε κεν τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων

15

Δακρυοῖσσαν ἀγῆαι, ἐλευθερὸν ἡμᾶρ ἀπερᾶς,

Καὶ κεν ἐν Ἀργεὶ ἐσσαι, πρὸς ἀλλῆς ἴσον ὕφαινος

Καὶ

Yet 'tis decreed by fate—the day must come—
 (With horror I relate our wretched doom)
 When Ilion's sacred walls in dust shall lie,
 Those walls that once stood tow'ring to the sky.
 But no dire grief so wounds my generous heart— 10
 My Trojans slaughter'd by the Grecian dart—
 Should Hecuba beside her palace die—
 And Priam's age 'midst heaps of carnage lie—
 Should my brave brothers in their city fall,
 With rapture bleeding for their native wall— 15
 As thy sad griefs—when thro' the Grecian throng,
 I see! I see! thee trembling drag'd along—
 Barbarian, stay thy impious hand—nor dare
 Pollute the tresses of her golden hair.
 Ah! thou shalt hardships feel in foreign soil, 20
 Some haughty mistress shall increase thy toil,
 Shall bid thee weave thy story in her loom,
 Kneel at her feet, or wait thy awful doom;

Και μὲν ὕδωρ Φορβείοις Μεσσηϊδὸς ἢ Ὑπέρειναις,

Πολλὴ ἀεκαζομένη· κρᾶξεν δ' ἐπεκείσθ' ἀναγκή·

Καὶ πότε τις εἰπήσιν, ἰδὼν κατὰ δακρυ χέουσιν,

20

Ἐκλόρος ἠδ' ἑ γυνή, ὅς αἰσενεσκε μαχέσθαι

Τρωῶν ἱπποδάμων, οἷε Ἴλιον ἀμφεμαχόντο.

Ὡς πότε τις ἔρρει· σοὶ δ' αὖ ἵεον ἐσσεῖσθαι ἀλγος

Χητεῖ τοι καὶ ἀνδρὸς, ἀμυνεῖν δαλίον ἡμᾶρ.

Ἀλλὰ με τέθνην' αὖ χυλὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλυπτοί

25

Πρὶν γ' εἰ σὺς τε βῆς, σὺ δ' ἐλκηθμοῖο πύθεσθαι.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S celebrated EPITAPH
on his DAUGHTER.

CARA vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore

Et plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale;

Cara Maria, vale! at veniet felicius ævum

Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero,

Cara redi, lætâ tum dicam voce, paternos

Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.

Those lovely hands shall be compell'd to bring
 The chrystal water from Hyperia's spring. 25
 Some tender Greek shall thy fall'n state deplore,
 Yet still to make thy wretchedness the more,
 Shall cry, " Behold the mighty Hector's wife,
 " Who fought the foremost in the Trojan strife."—
 At my sad name new grief devours thy heart,— 30
 No husband then to bear a friendly part.
 But in eternal peace may I be laid,
 While the cold dust rests lightly o'er my head,
 Where may I long repose in pleasing sleep,
 Nor hear thy loud laments, nor see my Princess weep. 35

EPITAPH ON MISS LOWTH. Translated from the Latin.

O! Thou, who didst in every grace excell,
 Thou more than daughter—Oh! my dear—farewell!
 Farewell, *Maria*!—Yet the time will be
 When, if I'm worthy, I shall come to thee.
 Then will I cry, as with new joys I burn,
 O! to thy father's arms return, my dear, return.

ΩΔΗ εἰς τὴν τῆ Χρῆστ Σταυρώσιν.

ΑΛΙΣ ἐνθεα φλυαρεῖ
 Ἀμειβε Μῦσα χορδᾶς,
 Καὶ βαρβίλον λαβῶσα,
 Σεμνον κροῖησον ὕμνον
 Σταυρεμνῶ Ἀδακί. 5
 Ω θαυμάϊων ἀπληγε
 Θησαυρε, κ' ἀπεραντίε·
 Τί Σοι, τί πρῶτον εἰπῶ;
 Θελῶ λείνιν ἀνεκφάλον βροτοῖσι
 Μακαρεῖσι τε Δαιμοσι γρίφον, 10
 Πῶς Θεὸς ὧν ἐθανε·
 Θελῶ λείνιν ἀνιχνιάσαι βεβη
 Ελεε, ὅτι λύτρον ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν
 Υἱὸν ἐδῶκε Πάτερ·
 Θελῶ ὑψοῦ' αὖσαι 15
 Θεσφάλον θριαμβῶν
 Τριήμεροιο νεκρῶ,
 Καὶ αἰχμαλώτων Ἀδην
 Καὶ Θανάτων θανάτῳ δαμέντῃ·
 Ἀλλὰ μοι ἀμφιβρεμὶ Κρανίων ὄρος, 20
 Καὶ πολυθρε κελαδὲ γέμει καλά
 Ολλυγίων, ολλυμειῶν τε.

ODE ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

Translated from Masters's celebrated Greek Ode.

O! May no heathen trifles now be sung,
But let Compassion silence every tongue—!!!

Urania grasp thy sacred lyre, and sing
Some hymn celestial to th' expiring king.

O! wonder! wonder! awful to relate—!!!

5

Say in what words can I declare his fate?

God's gracious mystery aloud I'll tell,

How his own Son for our salvation fell.

For three sad days he lay within the tomb,

To save our bodies from eternal doom;

10

Yet see he triumphs over Orcus' pains,

And captive Death is bound in iron chains:

Now o'er the Cranian hill methinks I tread—

I hear, I hear, the dying, and the dead.

Εκθορεῖ' ἐς λοφόν, οἰμαλα·

Τίς μεσσοῦς κρεμαῖαι τριῶν,

(Ὡς ἔδεν δυσὶν ἰκελός,) 25

Ἐκ δ' εἶαθ' ἑλκάζοντι πρεμνῶ

Πρηῦ καρήνον

Ἡδεὼς κεκυφώς,

Καὶ ὠλενῶν ἱερὸν κρεῖος

Ἐγκαρσιὸν πέλασσας, 30

Νηλεεσσι γομφοῖς

Πεπαρμένον ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα;

Ἀνθρώπε ταλάν, ταυ' ἀπαθὲς βλέπεις;

Οἰμῶζε πολλὰ,

Ἐσθῆτα ῥήξον, 35

Καὶ τυπτε σέρνον,

Καὶ τίλλε χαλκὸν,

Καὶ σπλαγχνά κινε·

Ἡ ἔχ' ὄραας ὀλοπορφύρον,

Στιλβόν' ἔ φλοῖ 40

Σιδόνις ἄλος, ἀλ-

-λ' αἱμαὶ σαζόμενῳ,

Τῶμεν ἀπο κροῖαφον

Κυκλαμένων ἀκανθῆς

Ὀξύμοισι κεραις, 45

Τῷ δὲ καὶ ἐκ μελέων

Κεχαράμνων ἱμασθῆς

Πικρῆσι συμπλοκῆσι;

Ἀνοιγ',

Oh! who is this that on the mountain's brow

15

Seems just departing to the shades below?

Along the cross's torturing length he lies—

Sweetly inclines his guiltless head—and dies.

His sacred arms obliquely he extends,

While the rough nail his flesh immortal rends.

20

Canst thou, O man, behold this scene of woe,

And will no tears of grateful pity flow?

Deplore in all the anguish of despair—

Beat, beat, your bosoms, and your garments tear.

Behold his vestments, purple to the eye,

25

Not tinctur'd in the fair Sidonian die,

But with his blood his sacred robes he stains,

Which bursts in torrents from his swelling veins.

See! on his head the crown of thorns appears!

And, lo! the cruel scourge his body tears.

30

Oh!

Ἀνοιγ', ανοίξε

Πυλὰς ὀπώπων

50

Καὶ πηλὰς βλεφαρῶν

Λυσαι· ὕεκαζε, δέῃε γαίαν·

Συν τῷ ἀφειδῶς

Εὖν αἷμα χεαν-

τ', ὀλιγ' ἀτὰρ λαβεῖν δακρυά

55

Τίς φθονὸς, ὦ βροῦτε.

Oh ! let the *fountains* of your eyes distil

Such floods of tears as may earth's bosom fill.

Some tender tears what mortal would deny

To him who did for our salvation die ?

HORACE,

HORATII, Ode XV. Lib. I.

PASTOR cum traheret per freta navibus

Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam,

Ingrato celeres obruit otio

Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata. Malâ ducis avi domum,

Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,

Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,

Et regnum Priami vetus.

Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris

Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ

Genti! jam galeam Pallas, et ægida,

Currusque, et rabiem parat.

Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox

Pectus cæsariem: grataque fœminis

Imbelli citharâ carmina divides.

HORACE, Ode XV. Book I.

WHEN faithless Paris from the Grecian shore,
 Through distant waves the lovely Helen bore,
 Nereus to silence hush'd th' unwilling wind,
 To sing the fate that perjur'd swain would find—
 “ Her whom thou carriest from her native land,
 “ Will Greece (with hosts avenging) soon demand,
 “ Conspir'd thy lawless nuptials to destroy,
 “ And burn the bulwarks of perfidious Troy.
 “ How oft shall men, and warlike couriers toil!
 “ How oft shall Trojans press the guilty soil!
 “ See! Pallas fits her helmet, and her shield,
 “ Prepar'd in blood to bathe the reeking field.
 “ Ah! fierce in vain by Cytherea's care,
 “ You curl the ringlets of your yellow hair,
 “ Or play such numbers on your feeble lyre,
 “ As weak, unwarlike, female minds desire.

Nequicquam thalamo graves

Hastas, et calami spicula Gnoſſii

Vitabis, ſtrepitumque, et celerem ſequi

Ajacem. Tamen, heu, ſerus adulteros,

Crines pulvere collines.

Non Laertiaden, exitium tuæ

Gentis, non Pylum Neſtora respicis?

Urgent impavidi te Salaminii

Teucerque, et, Sthenelus ſciens

Pugnæ, ſive opus eſt imperitare equis

Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque

Noſces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox

Tydides, melior patre:

Quem tu cervus uti vallis in alterâ

Viſum parte lupum, graminis immemor,

Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,

Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.

Iracunda

" In vain you seek a refuge in your bed,
 " To shun the darts that threat your guilty head,
 " Ah! 'tis in vain you fly the Gnosian reed,
 " The din of arms, or Ajax' fatal speed;
 " Thy foul though late the pangs of death shall know,
 " And pass a victim to the shades below.
 " Ah! seest thou not Ulysses' angry face,
 " The scourge and ruin of the Trojan race?
 " See Pylian Nestor rages round the field,
 " And the huge Ajax with his sev'nfold shield?
 " Lo! Sthenelus well vers'd in arts of war,
 " To guide the steeds, or whirl the kindling car.
 " Enrag'd Merion glows with martial fire;
 " And brave Tydides, greater than his fire.
 " See! see! you fly your coward soul to save,
 " Too vainly boasting to be fierce, and brave,
 " As stags forget the green delights to know,
 " And quickly panting fly the distant foe.

Iracunda diem proferet, Ilio,
 Matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei,
 Post certas hyemes uret Achaicus
 Ignis Iliacas domos.

PROMETHEUS.

SEE! see! Prometheus 'midst eternal pains,
 Spends his sad days in Caucasèan chains;
 His eyes forget the balmy sweets of rest,
 While the fierce vulture gnaws his guilty breast:
 No pleasing friends the restless hours beguile,
 Nor heavenly songs can force th' unwilling smile—

But

" Yet 'tis decreed by fate—the day must come,

" When Ilion's sons shall meet their final doom,

" When Priam's race shall feel Achilles' ire,

" And Phrygian temples blaze in Grecian fire."

But horrid snows his iron couch surround,

And distant rocks his dreadful groans resound.

Oh! how thy members glow'd with sudden heat!

How did thy big tumultuous bosom beat!

When swift Alcides to thy succour flew,

Loos'd the strong fetters, and the vulture flew.

An Introductory Copy of VERSES, with Allusions to the different Speeches that were delivered in the School at the Annual Meeting, Sept. 20, 1785.

DESCEND ye Nine, and aid my humble lays,
 Lo! with unhallow'd hand I pluck your sacred bays:
 With heav'nly strains my bold attempt inspire,
 While yet my fingers touch the trembling lyre.
 Am I deceiv'd by Fancy's flattering wiles?
 What? shall a child like me enjoy your smiles?
 I did not err—for O! you smile anew,
 And my transported eyes those Patrons view,
 From whose kind hands such comforts I receive,
 As soft'ring dews to opening flowers give.
 Oh! could my feeble voice but plead the cause
 Of my lov'd friends, and merit your applause;
 For you the modest Muse should then prepare,
 A short description of our humble fare;
 Then, then should godlike visions seem to rise,
 And ancient Heroes pass before your eyes.

First then the impious Catiline* behold,
 I hear him now his dread designs unfold—
 Hark! how he calls his horrid troops to tear
 The bleeding bowels of his country dear.

* See his famous Speech in Sallust.

Ambitious traitor ! soon thy soul shall know
 The dreadful depths of misery and woe,
 For Tully flies impatient to arrest,
 That dagger pointed at his country's breast.

Next shall the British Hermes' * magic pow'rs
 Call ancient Greece from her Elyfian bow'rs,
 And bid her shew those sweet and heavenly roads
 That lead to Wisdom's cell and Virtue's bright abodes

And now the Tyrian † Princess I descry,
 With tears of anguish sparkling in her eye ;
 Yet no soft tears the obdurate Prince can move,
 His soul forgets the tender pledge of love.
 No artful sorrows pierce his manly heart,
 For Jove himself commands him to depart.

Alas ! what objects strike my wond'ring eyes ?
 Lo ! at the *Spartan's* feet *Argestes* ‡ lies,

* See Harris. " On the Superior Excellency of Grecian Literature," p. 415.
 with whose criticisms some few sentences were interwoven that seemed applicable to the School-Meeting.

† See the Speeches of Dido and Æneas, Virg. *Æn.* IV. v. 305.

‡ The Speeches of *Argestes*, of *Leonidas*, and *Alpheus*, here alluded to, were selected from *Glover's* admirable Poem, Book X. v. 375, &c. &c.

Detested, fawning slave ! in vain you bring
 Your fruitless embassy from Persia's king—
 No honey'd eloquence, no regal charms,
 Can lure Leonidas to join his arms.
 Illustrious Patriot ! his great soul disdains
 The pomp of pow'r in Xerxes' golden chains.

But, ah ! his fatal tidings Alpheus bears,
 The horrid message thunders in my ears :
 See ! Persia's arms the craggy summits fill,
 And gain possession of the *Locrian* hill.
 Yet naught dismays the Spartan Prince's soul,
 Within his breast no fears of danger roll.
 Hark ! he invites his eager friends to die,
 And clothe themselves with immortality.
 " I hear ! I hear ! my bleeding country's call,
 " 'Tis she that bids us meet our destin'd fall."

Thus sleep the brave, 'tis thus their spirits rest ;
 No torturing fiends their happy shades molest :
 But Phœbus' lyre shall celebrate their doom,
 And blooming laurels flourish round their tomb.



A P O L O G Y.

AS the Publication of these POEMS has been retarded merely with a view of gaining time for Subscriptions, and thereby doing more essential service to the Author; his generous Benefactors are requested not to be displeased, that so long an interval has passed between the first making of Proposals, and the delivering of the Book. Few Names, alas! have been procured but by the pen of the Editor; whose extreme zeal in the cause has, he fears, been frequently construed into impertinence.

MR. ASHE has often lamented, that he was under the necessity of soliciting the patronage of the Public for MASTER BROWNE; but prudence would not suffer him to provide for *his future* Education, as a very numerous Family of his own have prior demands upon his little income.

F I N I S.

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